B.K.

HERE ARE THE SONG "HITS" OF THE DAY

3D WEEKLY

Popular Music

AND DANCING WEEKLY

Every Thursday.
Number 7. Volume 1.
November 24th, 1934.

EDITED BY JACK PAYNE

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Mood Indigo
Cupid
Fare Thee Well
I Laughed When We Parted
Scarecrow

No 7

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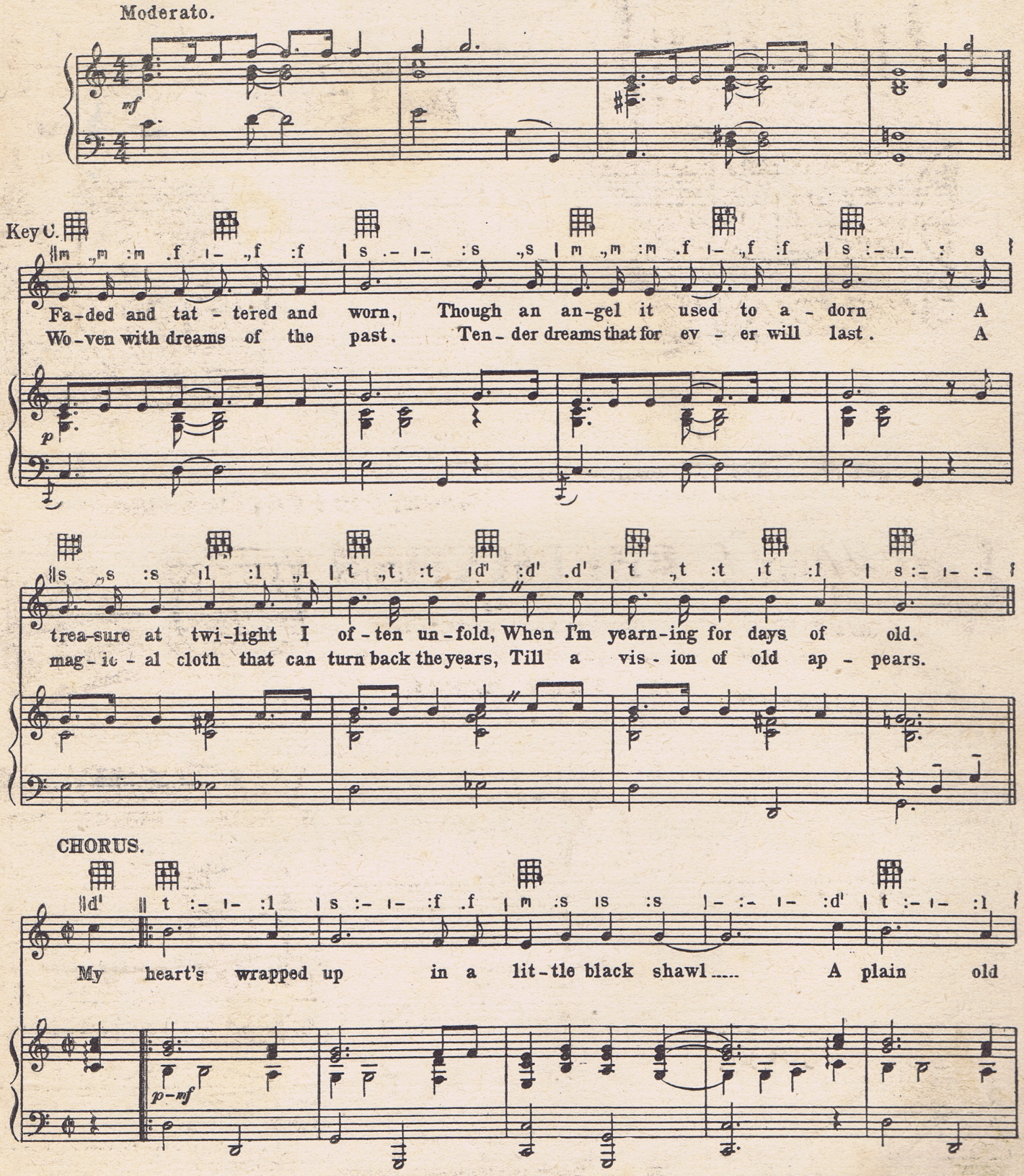

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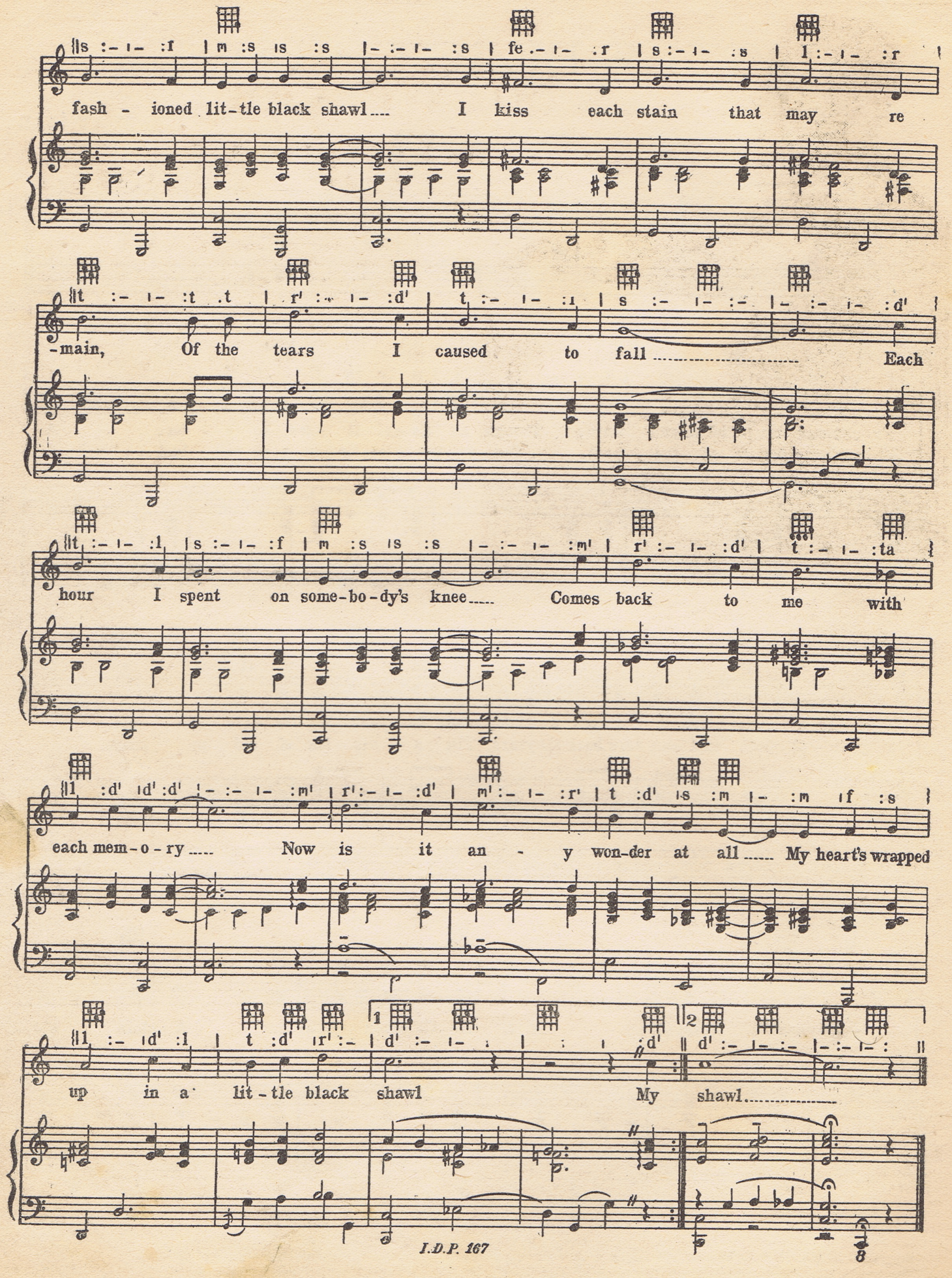
fash - ioned lit-tle black shawl.... I kiss each stain that may re
-main, Of the tears I caused to fall ..... Each
hour I spent on some-bo-dy's knee..... Comes back to me with
each mem-o-ry..... Now is it an - y won-der at all..... My heart's wrapped
up in a lit-tle black shawl My shawl.....

He Ran Out of Tunes—

So We Got "Hot" Music!

Duke Ellington

"Mood Indigo" and Duke Ellington are inseparable in our minds. Here is the story of the young man who made that haunting song world famous, and made us "hot rhythm conscious." Duke Ellington is still the greatest figure in the world of Jazz today. His story is told by an English newspaper man who was closely in touch with him during his visit to Britain last year.

By H. W. SHIRLEY LONG

About fifteen years ago a young coloured boy named Edward Kennedy Ellington was spending his days in a Washington art school and his nights behind the counter of a soda-fountain.

That way the fifteen-year-old boy hoped to become a commercial artist, and draw for newspapers and magazines. Certainly he had a talent for drawing. But he also had a keen ear for music, and could strum upon the piano.

Young Ellington was a good-looking, intelligent lad, with good taste in clothes and an easy manner. He had that "certain something" about him, which is why schoolmates nicknamed him "Duke."

In the soda-fountain where Ellington worked they had a pianist whose job it was to entertain the customers with the latest song hits. But the pianist was more fond of entertaining himself at the hostelry round the block, which resulted in many regrettable absences.

His First Tune.

When the cash customers demanded their nightly ration of song hits young Ellington used to slip on to the piano seat and deputise for the recalcitrant pianist.

And from that sprang "Mood Indigo" . . . and "hot rhythm" . . . and Duke Ellington and His Famous Orchestra.

It is one of the most romantic success stories I've heard. And I heard most of it from Duke Ellington himself, for it was my good fortune to be the first British journalist to meet Duke when he landed for his tour of this country.

I sat facing him across an English railway compartment while he stared out entranced at the first "foreign" country he had ever seen. On the small table between us was a portable gramophone which was playing the latest Ellington composition, "Sophisticated Lady." Our little group, which included Jack Hylton, was the first in England to hear that now famous piece.

"It's a far cry from this to 'Soda-Fountain Rag'?" I said.

Duke smiled reminiscently, with the warm, engaging smile of America's youth.

"'Soda-Fountain Rag'? That was my first published number. I called it that in memory of the rag with which I had to polish up the counter of the soda-fountain café where I worked in Washington. The joke about it was this—when I used to hop on to the piano-stool while the regular pianist was out of action I could not read printed music at all. Maybe I ought to have been able to do so, because I had had piano lessons. But by that time all my teaching was forgotten. All I could do was play from ear, trying to remember the way the regular player did his numbers.

"The result was that I soon exhausted all I could remember. The only thing to do was write my own tunes, and play them my own way. You see, I became a composer almost from necessity.

"I worked out one tune and tried it. It went over well. So I just went right on playing it. Then I began to see that the customers would soon tire of it, so until I could think up a new one I began to play around with the little tune. I played it in every possible tempo and fashion to deceive the patrons. Maybe it sounded different every night to them, but it was always the same tune! Years later it was published as 'Soda-Fountain Rag.'"

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the origin of the Ellington brand of "hot music"!

Duke told me the story humorously, modestly, in between a flow of questions about England and what music we like, and had we heard of "Mood Indigo"?

Had we heard of "Mood Indigo"! Three days later, at the London Palladium, Duke got his answer!

"Keep It Cool, Duke!"

I defy any interviewer to dig a big story about Duke Ellington from this tall, smiling, cultured negro himself. The fact that he is a natural musical genius does not yet seem to have occurred to him.

But he takes his "hot music" seriously without posing as an apostle of a new art. He can laugh at himself. I liked particularly his account of manager Irving Mills in the recording studios. Mr. Mills, business-man, and director at that time of the Ellington outfit in America, had to keep a firm hand on the Duke and his boys. You see, Mr. Mills had his eye on the ordinary folk who buy records and are not yet on familiar terms with advanced jazz music. His job was to prevent the Duke from "hotting" his numbers up too much for ordinary consumption.

This is what happened: the boys are rehearsing a new number. They are quite subdued for a bit, till with one accord they see a perfect cue for some extra "hot" playing. Off they go into a subtle, intricate maze of odd tempo, cross rhythm, discord, and unusual orchestration.

Then in rushes Irving Mills.

"Hey, Duke, remember the melody! . . ."

That line is the war-cry of an Ellington recording or rehearsal session.

One of the most amazing things about this young man is his composing technique. In Tin Pan Alley we are accustomed to men who cannot write a note of music but yet have the gift of creating melody. Duke Ellington, on the other hand, usually composes without a piano. He is a supremely expert musician.

To-day he gets a vast income from his almost perpetual touring of America's biggest theatres and cinemas, his frequent film engagements in Hollywood, his radio and record work. Yet he will still tell you how he earned his very first money for playing. That was seventy-five cents (about three shillings) for playing the piano at a private party. He ran all the way home to tell his mother about this extraordinary fortune. Even then, though, he had no idea of earning his living as a musician.

But soon he began to find himself absorbed in music. He played in little local bands for a time, gave up art work, and decided to earn his living in jazz. Duke's first big job was with Wilbur Sweatman's band eleven years ago, as pianist. In that rôle he stayed until he was installed in the famous Cotton Club, Harlem's best-known night resort.

Up From Harlem.

What made his reputation grow was the fact that other musicians and Tin Pan Alley-ites began to catch on to the clever arrangements that Duke was using. Very soon his became a sort of connoisseur's band, with professional people dropping in specially to listen.

With records, radio, and general talk, Duke's fame spread fast. The word spread along Broadway that up in Harlem was an amazing coloured band with something new in music to offer. The great Ziegfeld heard the whisper, and promptly snapped up Duke Ellington for a Ziegfeld Follies show.

For five years now Duke Ellington has been away at the top of the tree. "Hot music" has swept the whole world. Yet he still has the boys in his band who started with him at the Cotton Club several years ago. A dozen of them, in fact, have been with him several years longer. The reason for the extra two is that when Duke commenced radio work he engaged an additional trombonist to strengthen the brass section. That made the band number thirteen . . . and the boys would not go on the air with that company present.

The musical combination is interesting, three trombones, three trumpets, four saxophones and clarinets, banjo, drums, bass—and the Duke himself directing from his beloved white piano.

DUKE ELLINGTON'S BIGGEST "REQUEST" NUMBER

MOOD INDIGO

Words and Music by

DUKE ELLINGTON
IRVING MILLS &
ALBANY BIGARD

Tune Ukulele
A D F♯ B
(Capo on 1st fret)

Very Slow

ad lib.

*Ab Bb7 Ebmi Eb+ Ab Ab Bb7

Key Ab **With expression**

You ain't been blue, No, No, No, You ain't been blue,

E7 Eb7 Ab7 dim dim Ab7

Till you've had that mood in-di-go, That feel-in' goes steal-in'

Bbmi Gb7 Eb+ Ab Bb7 Ebmi Eb+ Ab

down to my shoes, While I sit and sigh: "Go 'long, blues."

* Symbols for Guitar & Banjo

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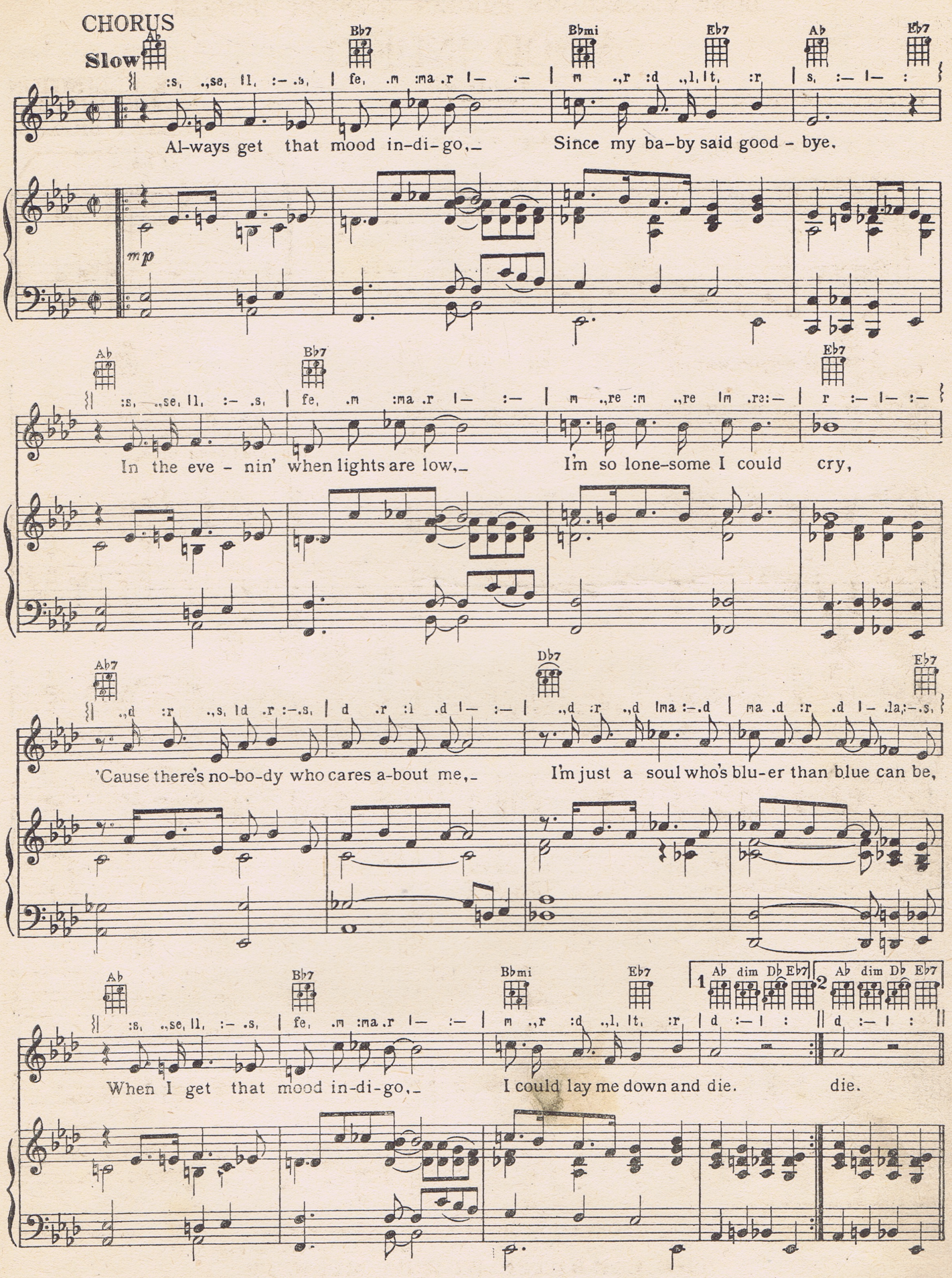
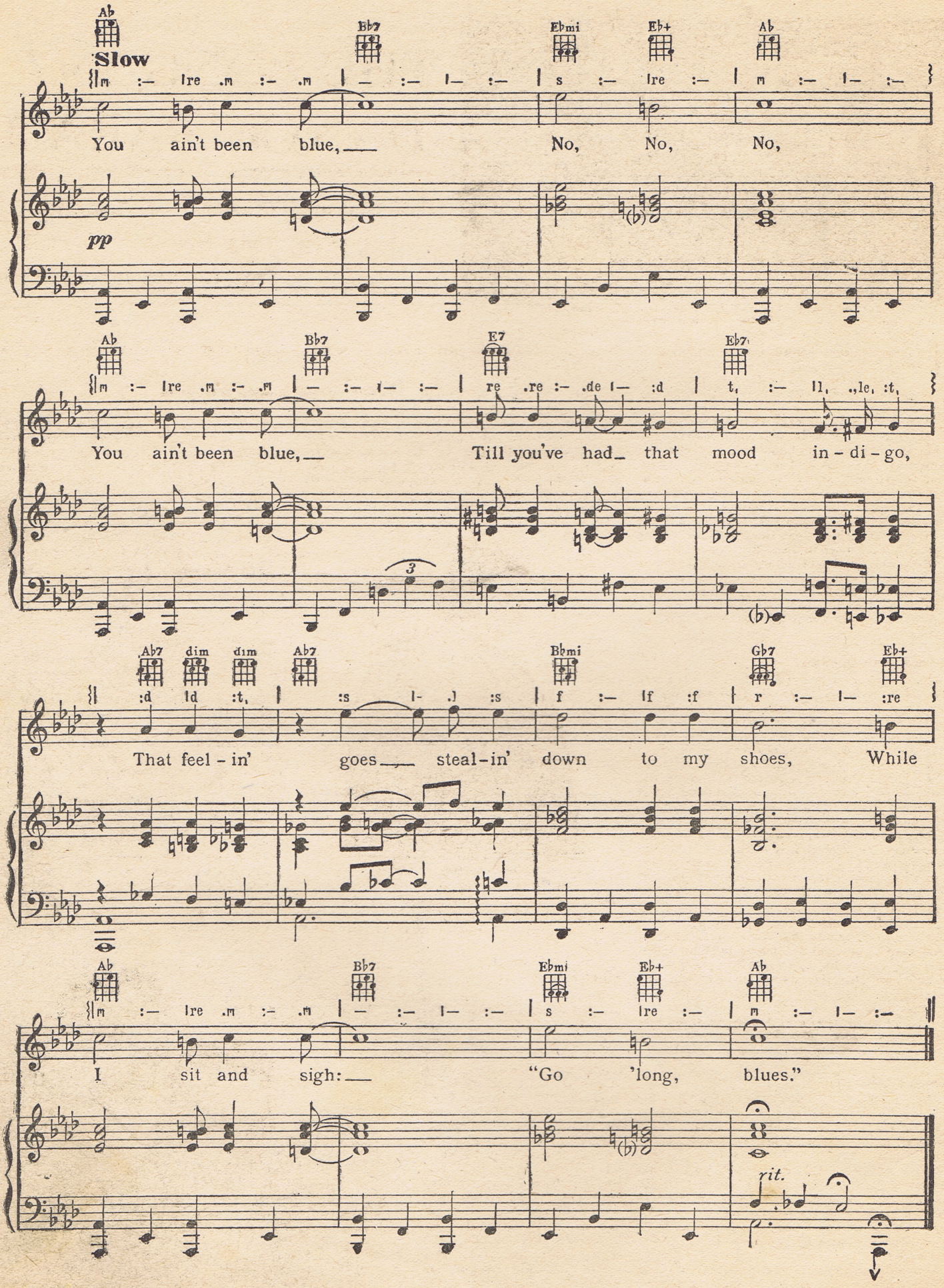

CHORUS
Slow
Ab
Bb7
Bbmi
Eb7
Ab
Eb7
:s, .,se, |l, :- .s, | fe, .m :ma .r |- :- | m .,r :d .,l, |t, :r | s, :- |- :
Al-ways get that mood in-di-go,- Since my ba-by said good - bye.
mp
Ab
Bb7
Eb7
:s, .,se, |l, :- .s, | fe, .m :ma .r |- :- | m .,re :m .,re |m .re:- | r :- |- :-
In the eve - nin' when lights are low,- I'm so lone-some I could cry,
Ab7
Db7
Eb7
.,d :r .,s, |d .r :-.s, | d .r :l .d |- :- | .,d :r .,d |ma :-.d | ma .d :r .d |- .la,:-.s,
'Cause there's no-bo-dy who cares a-bout me,- I'm just a soul who's blu-er than blue can be,
Ab
Bb7
Bbmi
Eb7
1 Ab dim Db Eb7
2 Ab dim Db Eb7
:s, .,se, |l, :- .s, | fe, .m :ma .r |- :- | m .,r :d .,l, |t, :r | d :- | : || d :- | : ||
When I get that mood in-di-go,- I could lay me down and die. die.


Ab
Bb7
Ebmi
Eb+
Ab
Slow
You ain't been blue, No, No, No,
pp
Ab
Bb7
E7
Eb7
You ain't been blue, Till you've had that mood in-di-go,
Ab7
dim
dim
Ab7
Bbmi
Gb7
Eb+
That feel-in' goes steal-in' down to my shoes, While
Ab
Bb7
Ebmi
Eb+
Ab
I sit and sigh: "Go 'long, blues."
rit.

Geraldo and his Music. It is also the "Chateau de Madrid" "Mystery" radio orchestra

THE SONG *and* DANCE PARADE

Jack Payne Talks About Editing New Song Stars The Luckiest Stage Name

"I NEVER realised before that conducting a weekly paper is very much like conducting a radio band," Jack Payne, Editor of POPULAR MUSIC AND DANCING WEEKLY, told me the other day.

"You know, I often wondered how the editors of big papers knew what their audience thought about them. Now I do know! Seeing all those thousands of letters from POPULAR MUSIC readers reminds me of my mornings-after-a-broadcast days.

"I used to think that arranging nation-wide tours for my band was a job involving a mass of detail, but I think that the editors of papers can show me things in that direction.

"However, I should like the thousands of people who have written to me about my new job of conducting POPULAR MUSIC to know that all their letters are receiving my attention, and that by now everybody should have got an answer."

Writers' Own Opinions.

There is another point that Jack wants made clear to everybody. Like all good editors, he believes in letting his contributors and special writers have complete freedom of expression. But, on the other hand, these writers may want to give vent to expressions of opinion with which Jack himself may not entirely agree!

"Providing that my contributors keep to the Fleet Street rules of fair play I do not mind what they say. Perhaps I may not entirely be in accordance with their views, but if they have something interesting to impart to my hundreds of thousands of readers, I'll encourage them to say it. But I would like to point out that views expressed in my columns are not necessarily the views of the Editor," he said.

Jack Payne also believes in encouraging young song-writing talent, but, owing to the fact that in a twenty-four hour day he simply must take some time out for eating and sleeping and ordinary living, he cannot undertake to read or criticise the manuscripts of aspiring songsters. He's sorry, but there just isn't time for it!

But any other questions you want answering—just send along. Mr. Payne and his journalistic orchestra are out to help you.

Here's A New Star.

The charming girl with the guitar on this page is the very newest star in the song-and-dance world. Her name is Kitty Carlisle. That seems to be a lucky surname in show business, doesn't it?

Kitty first made the movie world sit up and take notice in "Murder at The Vanities," with our own Carl Brisson. Then came "She Loves Me Not," which you will soon be seeing, with Bing Crosby, and to follow a film called "Here Is My Heart"—with Kitty starred in big letters and lights.

London has played a big part in making a star of Kitty. She studied under a famous singing teacher here, and then tried a school of acting. After that she went back to New York and soon afterwards announced to her mother that she had taken a job. The job was in a touring musical show, thirty weeks of trouping all over the United States, a really tough assignment for any player.

And Kitty was only a New Orleans society girl who had studied singing and acting! The hard-boiled chorus girls in the show thought that the new leading lady wasn't going to make good. But she did—on the opening night. And kept right on doing it, too.

Just over a year ago she landed her first Broadway part. A year later Hollywood was hollering that it had found a new musical star.

Kitty Carlisle, Paramount star.

Yes, Carlisle is a lucky name in the song world.

He-Man Billy.

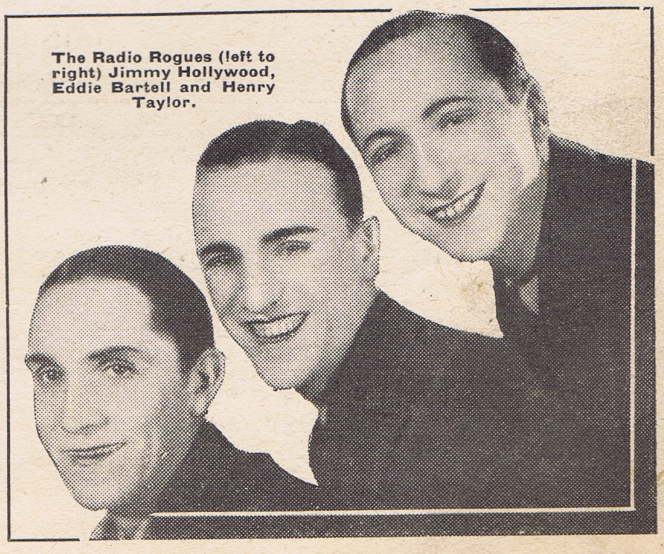
When a man writes a smashing success like "The Last Round-Up," much of his other work is apt to be overshadowed. Yet Billy Hill's name may be found on a score of song-hits such as "Have You Ever Been Lonely?", "The Old Covered Bridge," "Wagon Wheels," "Night on the Desert," as well as "Little Black Shawl," which you have in these pages. Billy is six-feet-three and crazy about horses, boxing and wrestling. He has Red Indian blood in his veins, and is the complete "He-man." Billy has always possessed "an itching foot," but knocking about has not robbed him of a sentimental streak that makes him happiest when he is writing songs about simple things.

Cowboy Inspiration.

I first met him last summer. I love rodeo folk," he told me. "Indirectly, they've put me where I am. I'd had a hazy idea for 'The Last Round-Up' sizzling in my brain for a long while. Then I saw a cowboy thrown at a rodeo in Madison Square Garden, and I was thrilled with his pluck. Then—click!—the idea crystallised, and"—with a modest grin—"you know the rest!" Billy taught himself the violin and hitch-hiked to California, peeling potatoes at coffee-stalls to get a meal! He had a spell as a night-watchman in a factory in Death Valley, and eventually landed in Hollywood, where he fell in love and married on twenty-five dollars! That's *real* romance!

Those Radio Rogues.

Though they've only been here a short time, the Radio Rogues have become general favourites, with their swift-moving burlesque of an American radio hour. The Radio Rogues are all Brooklyn boys. They were born within shouting distance of each other, yet did not meet until the act was formed three years ago. Jimmy Hollywood was destined for the Church, but ran away from home and has been wandering round the world ever since. Eddie Bartell was going to be a baseball player, till the show captured him, and Henry Taylor was a buyer in a ladies' wear business. Ten minutes in their dressing-room left me dizzy. Jimmy wise-cracked incessantly. Henry, who is a bookworm, read a magazine and kept up a riotous running commentary on the story—"it's all about luv; I'm all burned up with envy!" he told me—and Eddie was trying to find out if he could sing one of his numbers three registers higher than it was written!

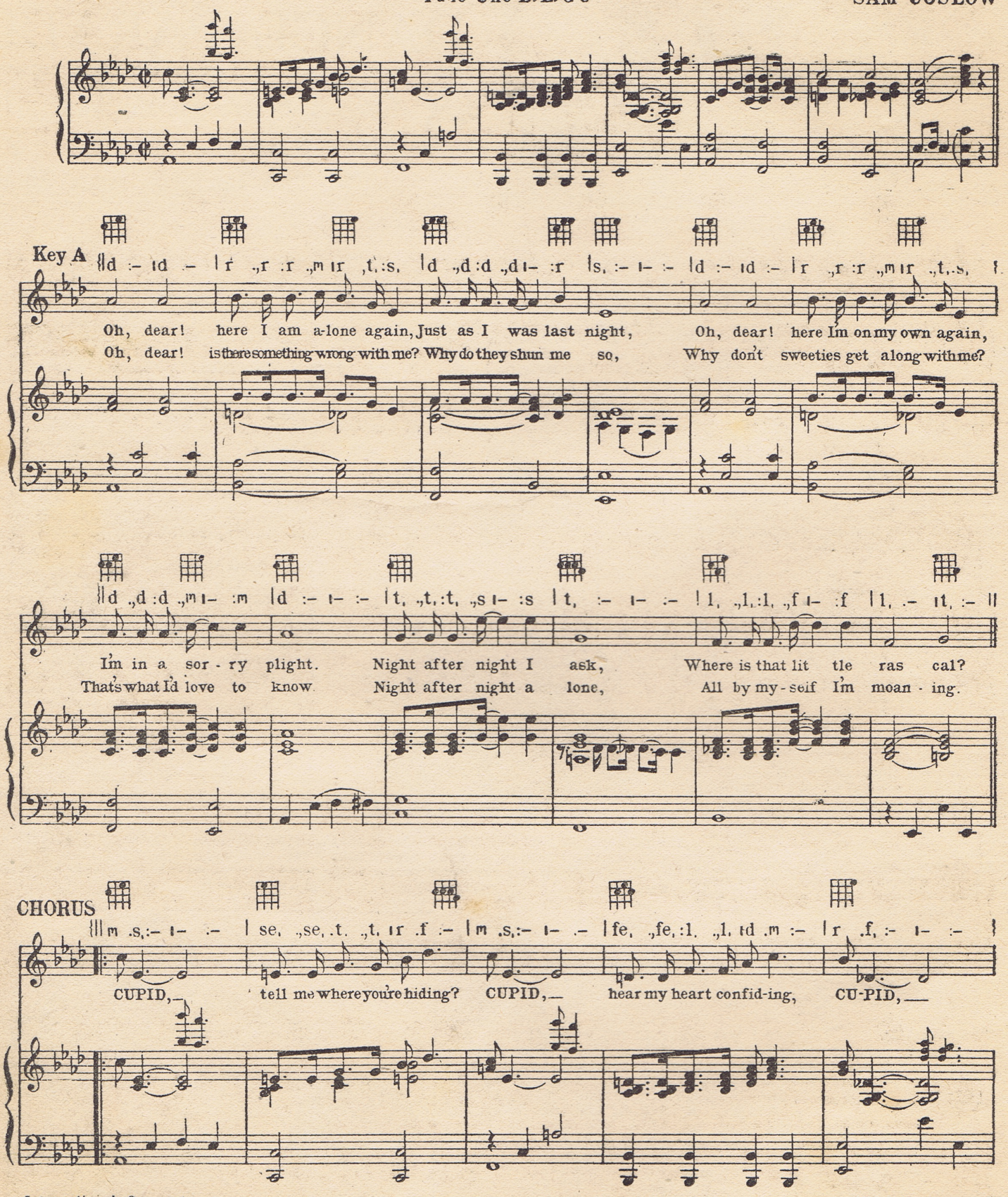


The Radio Rogues (left to right) Jimmy Hollywood, Eddie Bartell and Henry Taylor.

CUPID

Tune Uke B♭E♭GC

SAM COSLOW



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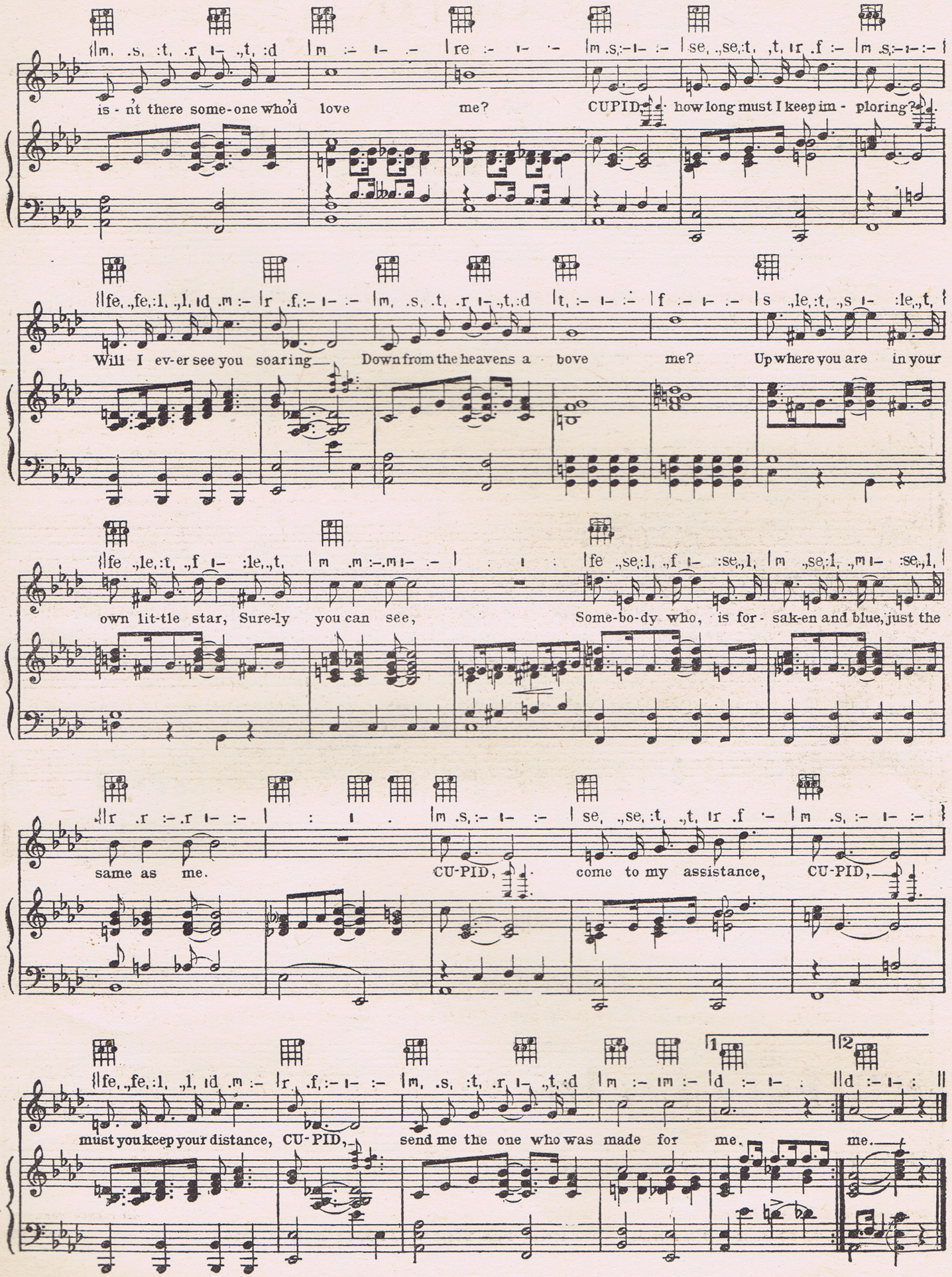
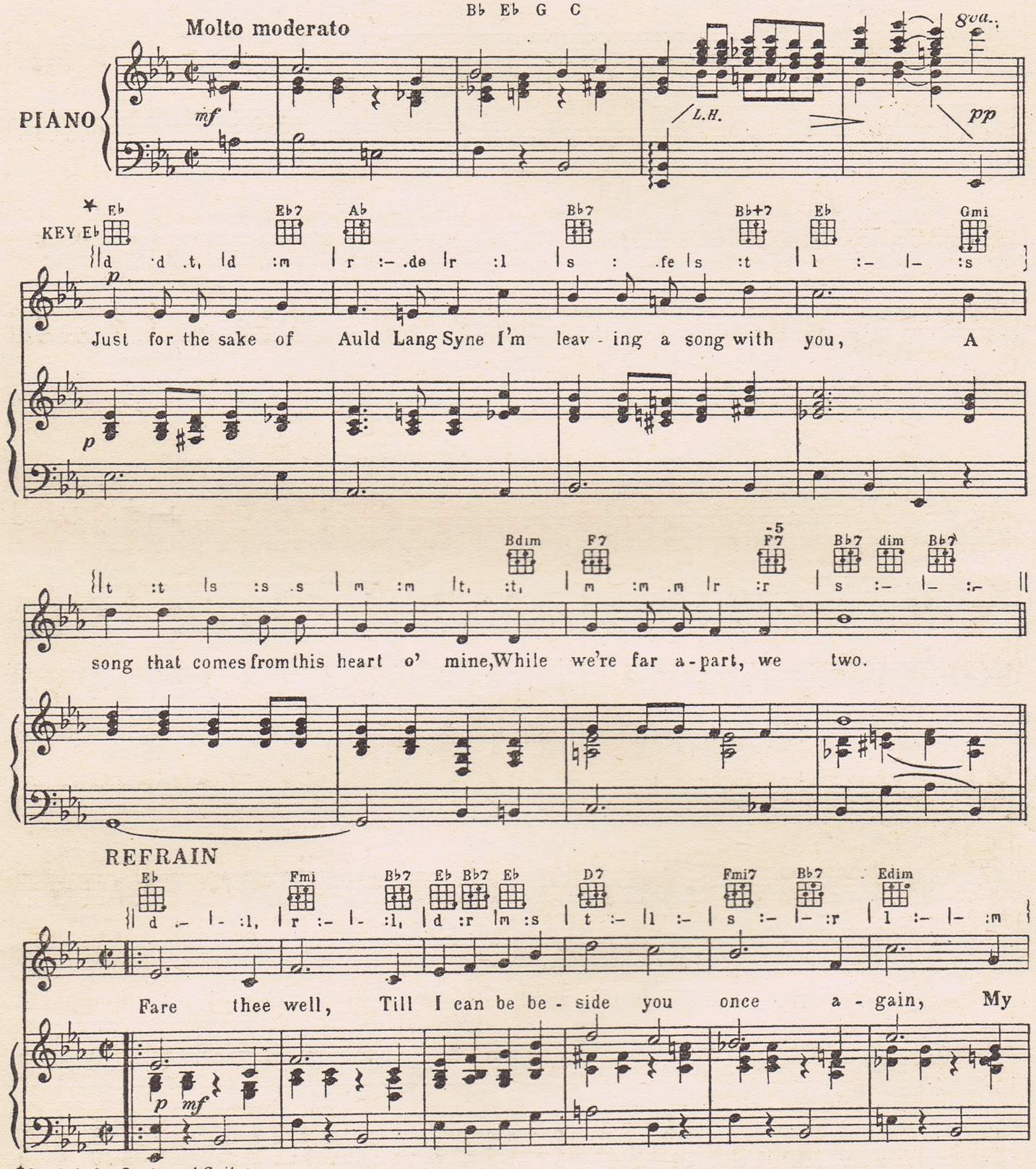

is - n't there some-one who'd love me? CUPID, how long must I keep im - ploring?
Will I ev-er see you soaring Down from the heavens a bove me? Up where you are in your
own lit-tle star, Sure-ly you can see, Some-bo-dy who, is for - sak-en and blue, just the
same as me. CU-PID, come to my assistance, CU-PID,
must you keep your distance, CU-PID, send me the one who was made for me. me.

FARE THEE WELL

Words and Music by SAM COSLOW

Tune Ukulele in E♭

B♭ E♭ G C



*Symbols for Banjo and Guitar

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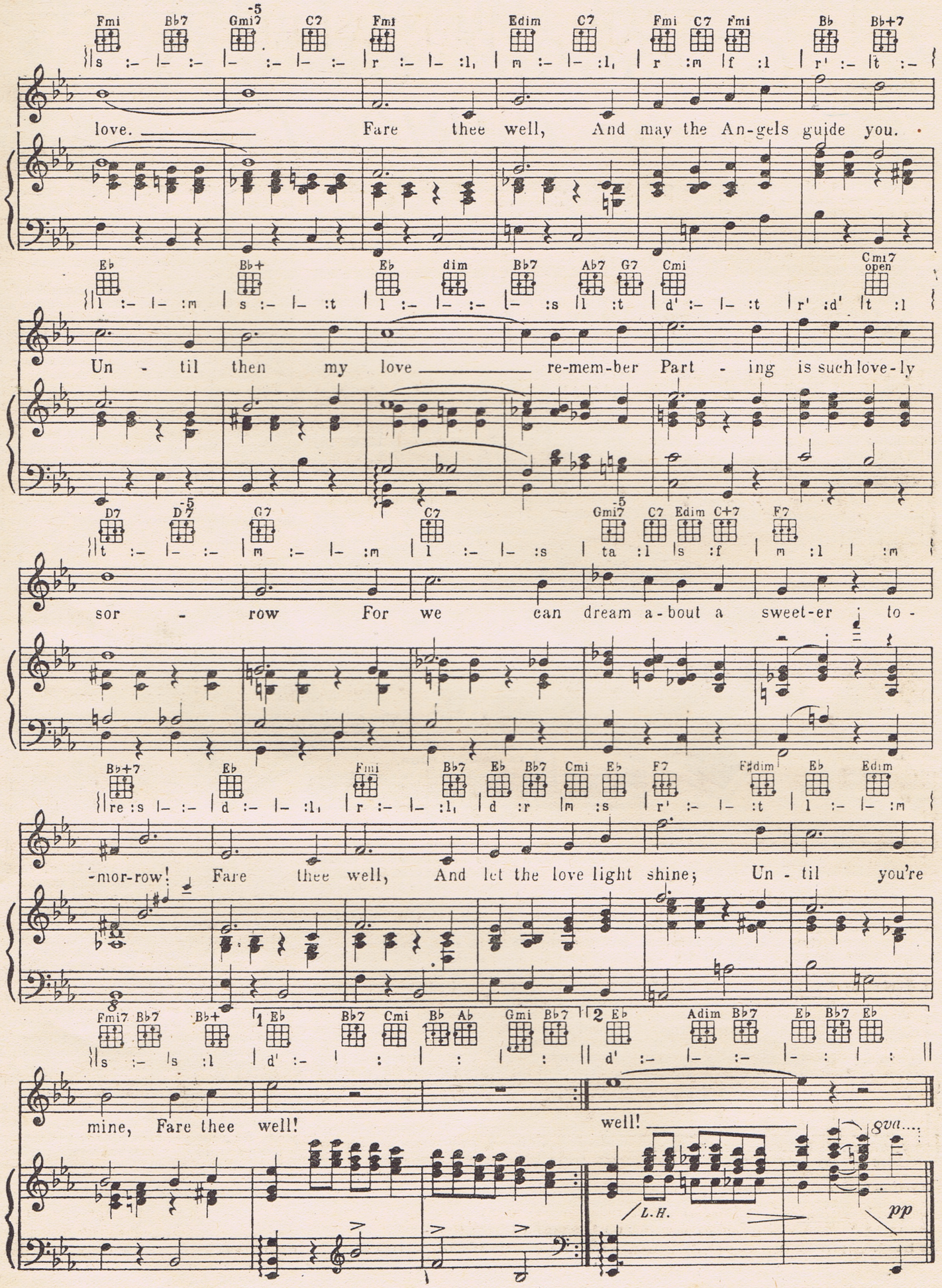

love. Fare thee well, And may the An-gels guide you.
Un - til then my love re-mem-ber Part - ing is such love-ly
sor - row For we can dream a-bout a sweet-er to-
-mor-row! Fare thee well, And let the love light shine; Un - til you're
mine, Fare thee well! well!
8va
L.H.
pp

Come Dancing around Britain: No. 1. By HORACE RICHARDS.

GLASGOW GREETS the CARIOCA

SAID a visitor to a Glasgow native: "Doesn't the sun ever shine in this place?" The dour Scot meditated. "Aye, sometimes it does in the summer. *But never in the winter!*" Well, perhaps that's so. But who cares? There can be no dull evenings in Glasgow, with the dancing facilities the town boasts.

Let's come on a swift tour. "Hi! Taxi! The Plaza Dance Hall, please!" Here we are. Here's Mr. Fred C. Bannister, the manager. Tall—he's an ex-Grenadier Guardsman—with thinning hair, twinkling eyes and a genial smile, for eight years he has been manager at the Plaza.

With half an eye you can tell that he loves the place. To him, it's not just a dance-hall. It's *the* dance-hall. Spend an evening here and you'll know that he has cause for his enthusiasm, for it is one of the brightest dance-halls I've ever seen.

Regulating the Traffic!

Don't you like the floor? It's sunk half a foot below the surrounding table-space and twinkling foot-lights send a maze of shimmering colour across it. In the centre of the floor is a fountain decorated with flowers and filled with goldfish. That fountain serves a double purpose. Not only does it look *cool*, but it acts as a sort of "one-way-traffic" signal to the dancers. Down both sides of the hall are four gay-coloured pillars; while soft beams are trained on Alex Freer and his band, one of the brightest and best in Scotland.

We'll meet Alex later. Let's have a chat to Mr. Bannister.

"The hall holds nine hundred dancers comfortably," he says, "and four to five hundred is a regular attendance. You see, we can draw on the immense suburban districts of Iffnock, Whitecross, Newlands and so on. I try to create a 'let's-get-together' atmosphere, and I think I know most of my patrons by sight."

The Plaza has three half-crown dances a week, and two evenings at three-and-six, and then on Friday night the hall is packed at five shillings! This is a very exclusive night. Even Cab Calloway was not allowed in one Friday because "The Prince of Hi-de-Ho" was in a lounge suit!

Jimmy Takes Over.

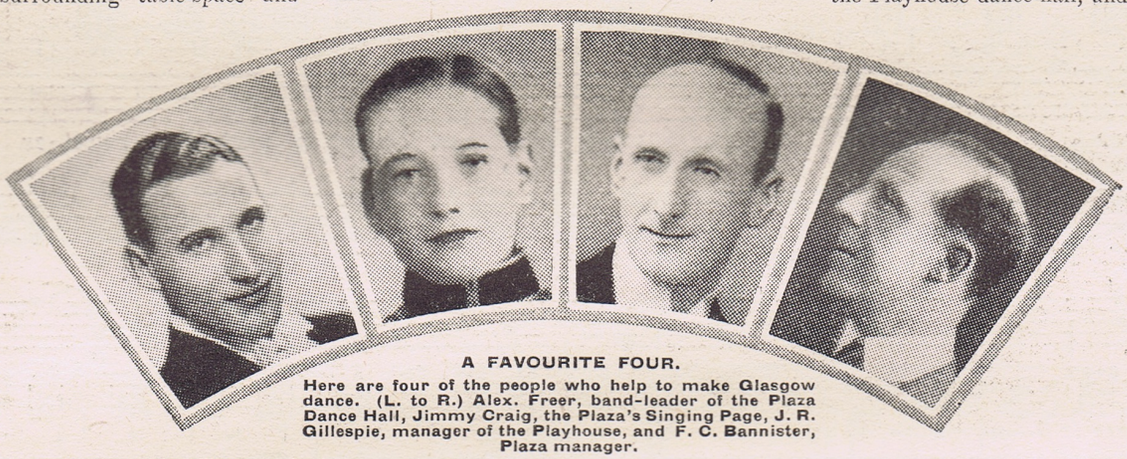
Hallo! What's this? A "Highland Eight" is being staged especially for our benefit. Alex and his boys plunge into a whirl of mad melody, and the floor is packed with dancers eagerly responding to this dance which has such a local appeal. Never tell me again that the Scot is dour. Having seen and heard the "Highland Eight" (far too involved to describe here!), I shan't believe you.

Remember reading about Jimmy Craig, the Singing Page, in last week's "P.M."? He's just taking over the baton from Alex Freer, so we can have a chat with the good-looking young leader. Alex has been in music all his life, and his first job was in a café in Glasgow. Apart from occasional engagements in Ireland and at the Kit Cat and the Astoria in London, he has been dispensing sweet melody in Glasgow ever since.

"Hallo, Alex, can you tell us something about Glasgow dancing?"

"Well, they're the most enthusiastic dancers I've ever seen. They're particularly keen on melody numbers with plenty of vocal effects, but they don't like comedy if it destroys the tempo for dancing. I've got a great set of boys in the band now. We're all keen golfers, though I'm not so hot myself, and when we're not working we're usually attending film shows. We're crazy about films."

Alex has taken over again from Little Jimmy, so we'll just have time for a waltz before the band strikes up "The Show is Over," which is their fading-out tune and a signal that it's time to go home. But before we go let us ask Mr. Bannister if we can have a look behind the scenes. That won't be difficult, because he's very proud of the suites of small rooms at the Plaza, which can be hired for private dances and parties. And probably not even the regular patrons of the Plaza are aware that the ice-cream sodas that they sip between dances are actually made in the Plaza's up-to-date kitchens. That's something new for a Palais-de-Danse, eh? Well, au revoir to the Plaza!



A FAVOURITE FOUR.

Here are four of the people who help to make Glasgow dance. (L. to R.) Alex. Freer, band-leader of the Plaza Dance Hall, Jimmy Craig, the Plaza's Singing Page, J. R. Gillespie, manager of the Playhouse, and F. C. Bannister, Plaza manager.

But even the most faithful "fan" may want a change. In that case he or she can join the hundreds of dancing enthusiasts who attend regularly the Playhouse Ball-room, which must be one of the highest in the British Isles, situated as it is up above one of the largest cinemas in Europe.

This has a different type of decoration from the Plaza, but the lighting effects for speciality dances are lovely to the eye, and the floor itself need fear no rival in the British Isles. The standard of dancing that I saw here was brilliant. This is largely due to the personal efforts of Mr. J. R. Gillespie, the manager and teacher.

Mr. Gillespie's theory is that it is his duty as manager to persuade people to come to dance at his hall. But he insists that it is his pleasure to see that when they *do* come they dance *well*.

Free Lessons for Scotland!

So Mr. Gillespie made his pleasure also his duty. When the Rumba reached Glasgow Mr. Gillespie metaphorically took off his jacket and set to work. In three months he gave seven thousand free lessons to regular patrons. And now the Carioca has hit Scotland with a thud, he has introduced a modified ball-room version of Fred Astaire's "Flying-Down-to-Rio" dance as a big feature at the Playhouse. Already he has given hundreds of free lessons, and still these persistent Glasgow dancers come up for more.

"I believe in personal demonstration," Mr. Gillespie told me, "and there is hardly a single evening when I and my partner do not demonstrate some new step." Then he whispered to Jack Ansell, who is the leader of Louis Freeman's bright band, and the boys swung into the haunting rhythm of the Carioca.

I was amazed to see that within a few minutes that floor was packed with dancers, most of whom were skilfully dancing the Carioca. "A few weeks ago that dance hadn't been seen in Scotland," Mr. Gillespie remarked with justifiable pride. That's a great tribute to Mr. Gillespie. He studied marine engineering before dancing lured him into becoming a professional. He has been six years manager of the Playhouse dance-hall, and any odd moments that he gets are spent touring Scotland demonstrating new dances.

"Boxing and golf are my main outside interests," he confessed, "but I still dance for sheer pleasure."

I asked Mr. Gillespie of what he was most proud in connection with his ball-room.

"The floor and the band," he replied, "and those are the two essentials, after all."

Introducing Jack Ansell.

Louis Freeman, who is well known in Scotland for his excellent bands, has a snappy outfit at the Playhouse. The leader, Jack Ansell, slim, dark and shy, though only twenty-six has had plenty of experience. He is a Yorkshireman who started his career in a Glasgow cinema orchestra. He played the violin for £4 5s. a week. Then he studied at the Royal College of Music playing in a cinema meanwhile to keep alive. The talkies were a sad blow to him, so he led a band on a liner to New York.

Since then he has made music in many parts of the world, including the West Indies, Cuba, Havana and India, where he broadcast. But he's happiest in Glasgow. . . .

Tucked away unobtrusively in Sauchiehall Street is a bright rendezvous called The Piccadilly Dance Club, which is run by a young, enterprising Edinburgh man named Alan Fairlie. Here, for a modest subscription, you can dance till two a.m. in very smart surroundings, whilst the club is open all day for the use of members. The hall is long and narrow, and it will accommodate four hundred dancers easily. Many of the smartest night clubs and restaurants in London's West End might envy the Piccadilly its elegant decorations, maple floor and the stylish band led by Alex Burns.

I have by no means exhausted the possibilities of dancing nights in Glasgow. The Albert Palais, the Norwood and many other smaller halls are splendid places in which to dance.

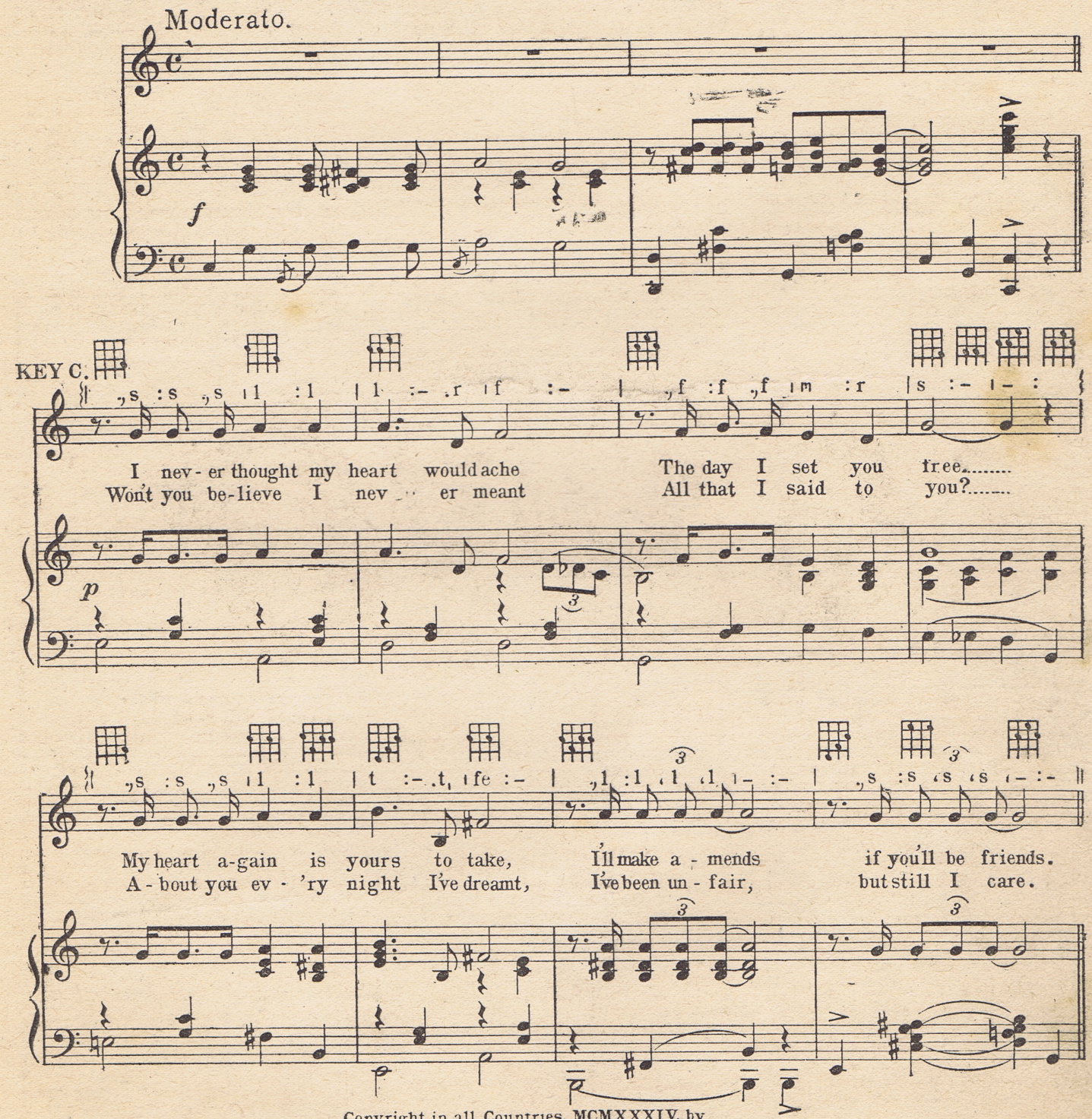
I LAUGHED WHEN WE PARTED

(BUT NOW I'M CRYING FOR YOU)

Tune Uke in C
G C E A

Written and Composed by

LEO TOWERS,
HARRY LEON &
HORATIO NICHOLLS.



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CHORUS.

:s | s .fe :- .s | l :- | s :- | :d | d' .t :- .d' | m' :- | - :-

It's no use pre - tend - ing, I'm sor - ry we're through,.....

- :r' | r' | d' | m | t :- | l :- | - .r' :r' .r' | r' .se :l .r' | - :- | - :

I laugh'd when we part - ed,..... But now I'm cry - ing for you.....

:s | s .fe :- .s | l :- | s :- | :d' | d' .t .- .d' | m' :- | - :-

I gave up an an - gel from out of the blue,.....

- :r' | r' | d' | m | t :- | l :- | - .r' :r' .r' | r' .m' :s .d' | - .- | -

..... I laugh'd when we part - ed,..... But now I'm cry - ing for you.... .....

,t :t ,t |m' :m' |re' :t |- .- |t .d' :t .fe |-.s :l |t :- |- :

I made a big mis - take, dear, letting you go ... from my arms,.....

Opt.

,t :t ,t |m' :m' |re' :t |- .- |l .l :l .r' |- :- |r .r :r .f |- :-

Come back for old times sake, dear, How can I live? Won't you for - give?

rall. *ten.*

:s |s .fe :- .s |l :- |s :- | :d' |d' .t :- .d' |m' :- |- :- |- :r' |r' .d' .m

Let's get back to - geth - er and start life a - new,..... I laugh'd when we

t :- |l :- |- .r' :r' .r' |r' .m' :s .d' |- .- |- : || - :- |- : ||

part - ed,..... But now I'm cry - ing for you.....

D.C.

SCARECROW
(SCARED T' GO T' BED)

CHARLEY Mc CARTHY,
JOHN REDMOND and
NAT SIMON.

Tune Uke G.C.E.A.

KEY F

Moderato

mf *mp*

Ain't it 'bout time that you took your shoes off
When the day breaks I can't make you get up,

And put your toys a - way? Ain't it 'bout time that you had your pray'rs said? It's far too late for play
You're such a sleepy tot. But the night time is al-ways your fright time, You're just scar'd of your cot.

Go to bed, my lit-tle sleep-y head, It's time for count-in' sheep.
No one's near that's gon-na harm you, dear, Your Mam a watch will keep.

Day-time is play - time, Day-time's O. K. time, But night-time's the right time for sleep.
Look how you're yawn - ing, Pray - in' for morn - in', But night-time's the right time for sleep.

CHORUS.

SCARE-CROW! Scared t' go t' bed. SCARE-CROW! You heard what I said. Ought-a be ashamed, you!

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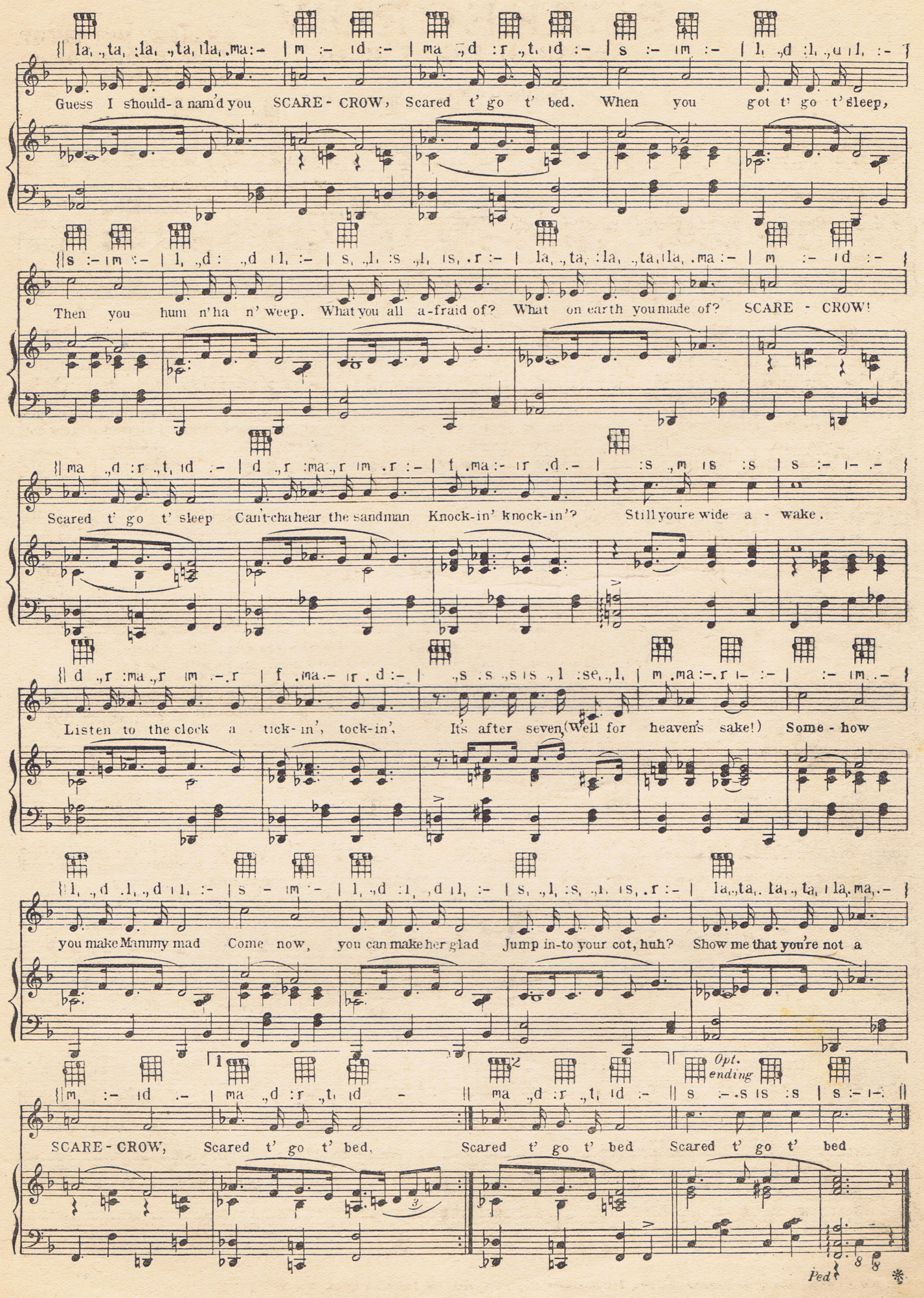
Guess I should- a nam'd you SCARE - CROW, Scared t' go t' bed. When you got t' go t' sleep,
Then you hum n'ha n' weep. What you all a-fraid of? What on earth you made of? SCARE - CROW!
Scared t' go t' sleep Can't-cha hear the sandman Knock-in' knock-in'? Still you're wide a - wake.
Listen to the clock a tick- in', tock-in', It's after seven (Well for heaven's sake!) Some - how
you make Mammy mad Come now, you can make her glad Jump in-to your cot, huh? Show me that you're not a
Opt. ending
SCARE - CROW, Scared t' go t' bed. Scared t' go t' bed Scared t' go t' bed
Ped

Famous Signature Tunes. No. 7. FECAMP.

BELLS OF NORMANDY

Words by HARRY TILSLEY

Music: TOLCHARD EVANS

REFRAIN.

:s || r :- :- .de | r :- :- .m | f :- :- .m | f :- :- .fe

I long..... to be,..... A - cross..... the sea,.....Where

mf-f L. H

s :- :- .fe | s :- :- .d' | s :- :- | - :- :d'

Bells..... of Nor - - man - dy..... Ring

8va *loco*

t :- :r' | l :- :d' | f :- :- | - :- :t

out a mes - - sage clear,..... For

l :- :d' | s :- :l | m :- :- | - :- :

all man - kind to hear,.....

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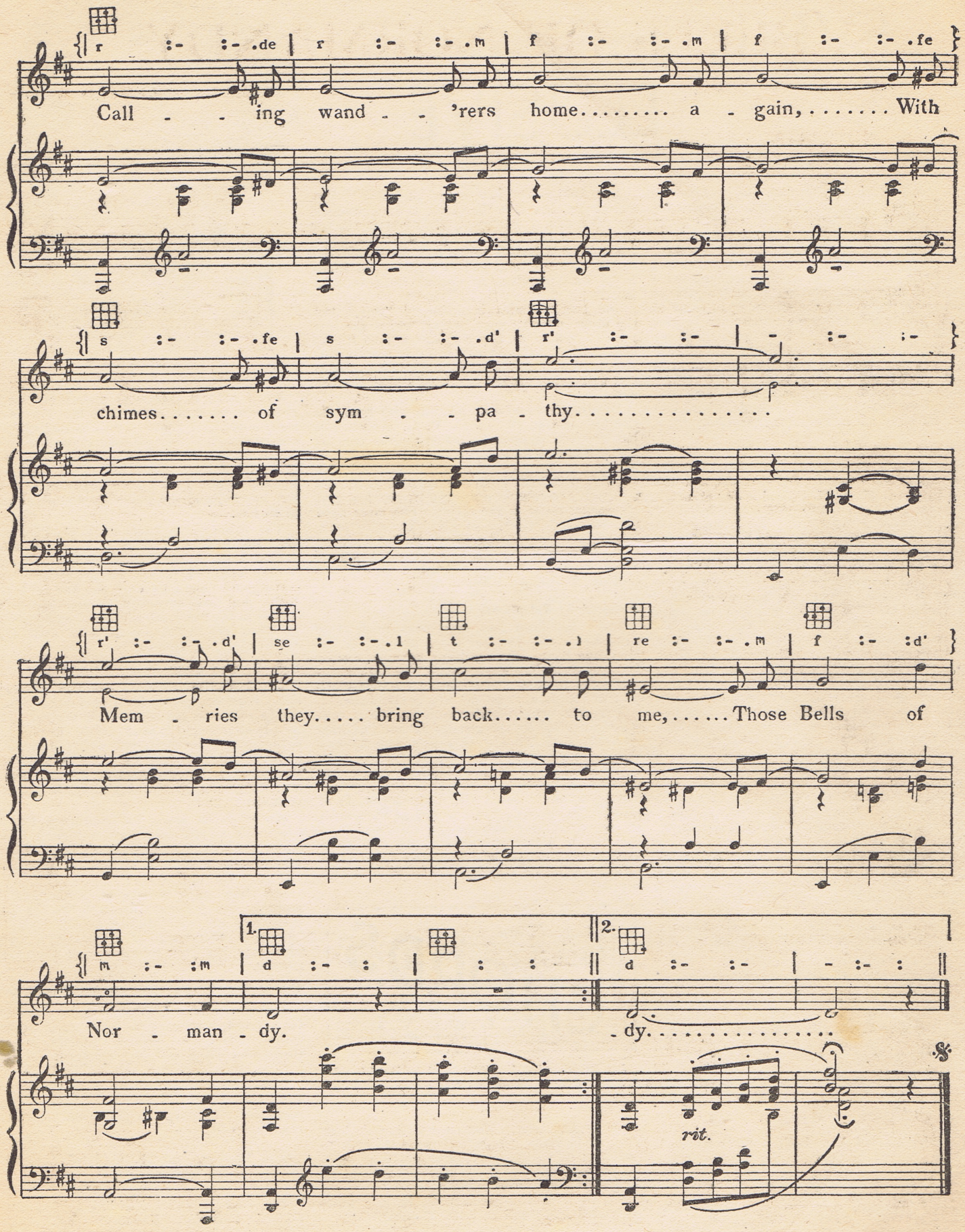
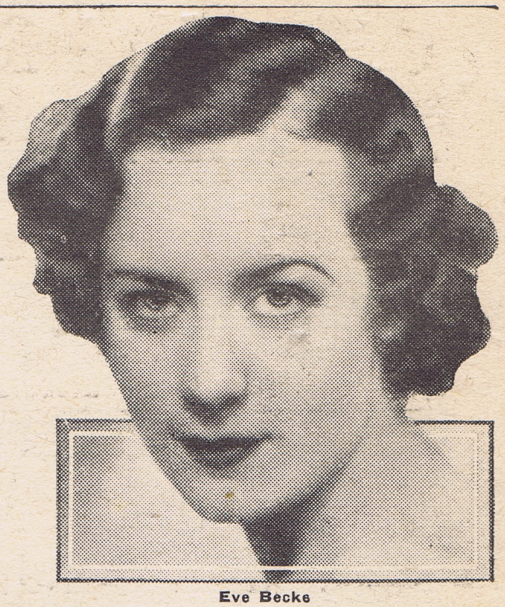

r :- :- .de | r :- :- .m | f :- :- .m | f :- :- .fe
Call - - ing wand - - 'rers home..... a - gain,..... With
s :- :- .fe | s :- :- .d' | r' :- :- | - :- :-
chimes..... of sym - - pa - thy.....
r' :- :- .d' | se :- :- .l | t :- :- .l | re :- :- .m | f :- :d'
Mem - ries they..... bring back..... to me,..... Those Bells of
m :- :m | d :- : | : : | d :- :- | - :- :
Nor - man - dy. - dy.....
rit.

As I Know Them

By "Recording Needle"

EVE is so ELUSIVE

Another intimate pen portrait by the writer who knows all the stars of Showland



Eve Becke

She is tall, slim, and exceedingly graceful. Her hair is a glorious shade of brown for which it is difficult to find exact description. Judged by any standard, she is beautiful, but her beauty is cast in the still, classic mould.

Eve Becke is one of our most delightful and competent studio, stage, and screen personalities, but in private life she is an enigma to almost everybody. In the studio or in front of the footlights she fits her surroundings to perfection, but directly she is away from them one sees her as a restless, elusive, intensely artistic soul who seems out of place in the entertainment circles of a great city. She rightly belongs to some freer and more romantic atmosphere—like Capri, for example, where Eve dreamed away her last summer vacation.

Why She Hates Cameras.

She is the living exception to prove the rule that the camera cannot lie. Sometimes the photographers give her a tired look, although her vivacity is unending; and sometimes they make her wear a forced smile, which is unpardonable for Eve has a *natural* one.

Psycho-analysis can explain the reason for her being a bad camera subject, Eve asserts. (She talks about complicated things like this as a matter of course.) When she was a tiny child, her family have since told her, she was once taken to a photographer's, and was so frightened at the whole ceremony—particularly when the operator draped himself round his black cloth—that she yelled loudly and terminated the proceedings with great suddenness.

This incident seems to have been a subconscious memory all through life, and Eve has fought shy of cameras ever since, except those in the motion-picture studio, in front of which, strangely enough, she feels perfectly at home.

Eve is of the highly-strung vital type. In the course of an animated conversation she will sometimes rise and pace restlessly about the room, whilst she has to a fine degree the nervous talker's art of emphasising her remarks by delicate movements of the hands.

Her outlook and temperament make her intolerant of many widely-varying things. Particularly does she detest (1) Discordantly whistling errand-boys. (2) Pointless or crude humour. (3) Cruelty to animals. (4) People who have no appreciation of scenic beauty. (5) Acquaintances who *will* talk about the weather.

Eve Becke has few actual hobbies. Unexpectedly, her taste in sports is an extremely mannish one. Although she says she is too nervous to drive a car, she essays the much more difficult feat of riding a horse with grace and distinction, and enjoys a gallop in Richmond Park as often as two or three times a week.

She thinks tennis is definitely "soft," but she loves to watch good boxing, whilst she is a regular visitor to the big Soccer and Rugby matches. A constant seeker after new thrills, she confesses that one of her biggest recent ones was witnessing for the first time a bout of all-in wrestling.

Reading is a favourite pastime with Eve. On the lighter side she adores P. G. Wodehouse, but she can appreciate really serious fare as well. She also likes the travel books of H. V. Morton. Ghost stories she devours with avidity, particularly at this time of year, and although she seldom confesses it, she has just the tiniest belief in the occult. She must have the old-fashioned type of ghost story to read, however, and still shivers over a yarn of Dickens' about a haunted railway, whilst she has read every work by that blood-curdler of the last century, Sheridan Le Fanu.

Pestered by Telephone.

There has been less enjoyment in reading since Eve rashly had her name inserted in the telephone book. Besides being an open *sesame* to innumerable pressmen, "fans," and other disturbers of the peace, it made her the immediate prey of the peculiar people who pester stars.

Now, like other popular artistes, she is constantly worried by the strange requests of irresponsible folk like the girls who ring up and ask for matrimonial advice; the writer who wants to make her the heroine of his new novel; impecunious strangers who have the audacity to ring up and demand a loan under penalty of early suicide; and, once, the quaint request of a crazy prospector who thought for some quite inexplicable reason that Eve might like to be amongst the chosen few financing an attempt to discover an oil well in some obscure foreign locality.

Eve's natural politeness makes her civil to even the worst of them, and her kindness of heart sometimes allows her to be rooked by the unscrupulous. Her politeness, particularly, is an absolute byword, and although she actually dislikes reporters, there has never yet been a journalist who hasn't been made to feel that Eve has enjoyed the interview almost as much as he has.

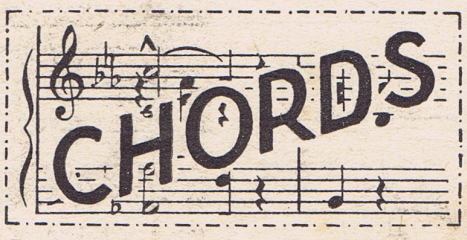
The twenty-four years of Eve's life, or at least the past eight or so of them, have been packed with professional thrills. Chorus girl, leading lady, cabaret and concert artiste, broadcasting and recording star—she has been all of them, and has nowadays become highly successful in the film studios as well, as witness her performances in "Radio Parade," and "Death at Broadcasting House."

Best Dressed Girl.

She has also acquired another reputation apart from her professional one—that of being the best-dressed girl in the show business. This has been brought about partly through her naturally artistic taste, and partly through the influence of her brother, Colin Becke, the famous London dress designer, whose designs for Eve are of a quiet style but absolutely the last word in taste.

Where dance bands are concerned Eve has sung with all the best ones, including Charlie Kunz, Roy Fox, Carroll Gibbons, Bert Ambrose, and she was with Jack Hylton in Eddie Pola's "America Calling."

She sings many modern style numbers, but probably her greatest successes are old sentimental tunes like "Mighty Lak a Rose," or "Fat Lil' Fella with His Mammy's Eyes," which she has just recorded with outstanding success.



Hugo Rignold and Eric Siday, violinists with Van Phillips' All-Star Orchestra, studied at the Royal Academy of Music together.

* * * * *

Eddie Gay doesn't really need to sing for his supper. He's an amateur all-in wrestling champion, too.

* * * * *

Valaida, star of Lew Leslie's "Blackbirds," studied trumpet-playing under Louis Armstrong.

* * * * *

Gilbert Webster, drummer with Jack Hylton's band, has six brothers, all musically inclined. Gilbert's father, also a musician, regrets that he didn't achieve an octave.

* * * * *

Jack London, famous coloured athlete, composes tunes, and plays the piano brilliantly.

Joe Brannelly, banjoist and guitarist with Ambrose's band, is one of Rudy Vallée's closest friends.

* * * * *

Joe is American. Was once sitting in New York hotel when 'phone call came through to "pack up and check out." Car would be waiting outside. It was Rudy, who had just heard of Joe's arrival in New York. Said he wasn't going to have his pal staying in any hotel whilst his home was at pal's disposal.

* * * * *

Incidentally, Rudy Vallée gives all boys in his band a summer holiday, expenses paid, at his country home every year. No restrictions, and no business. Married members bring their wives and kiddies.

Johnny Raitz, saxophonist with Jack Hylton's band, was once a hobo, and travelled across the United States, jumping freight trains and doing odd jobs for food.

* * * * *

Extremely proud father: Tiny Winters, of Lew Stone's band. Swells with pride when you point out that baby daughter, age about two, resembles him.

* * * * *

Sam Browne, crooner, used to play drums. Never touches them now.

* * * * *

The boys in Peter Fielding's band at the Oxford Galleries, Newcastle, call "Spud" Murphy, their second trumpeter, "The League of Nations." He is an Irishman, was born in Scotland, and he follows the Japanese faith.

* * * * *

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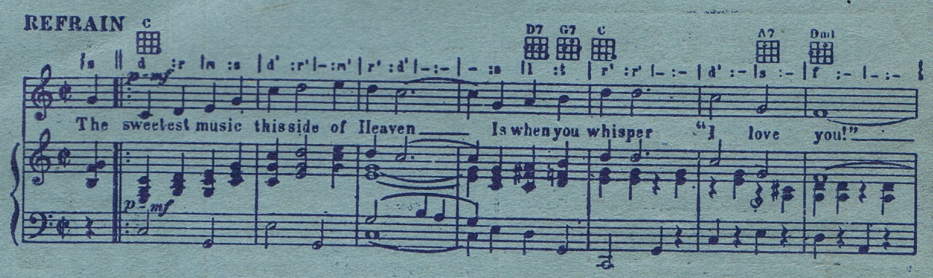
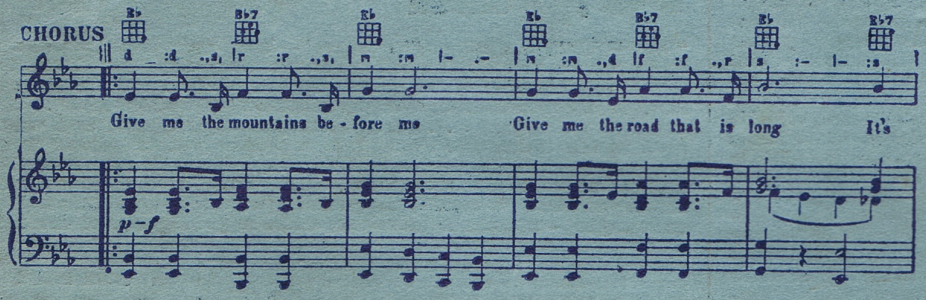
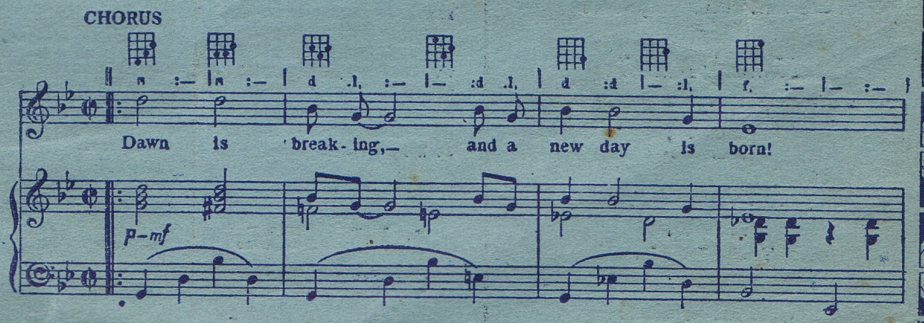




BLUE RIVER ROLL ON

SONG OF THE DAWN



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and

HOME (Chorus)

No. 1 in our "Hits of the Past" Series

ON SALE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29th - 3d.

Printed in Great Britain and published every Thursday by the Proprietors THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices: The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription rates: Inland, 17/4 per annum; 8/8 for six months. "POPULAR MUSIC AND DANCING WEEKLY" must not be forwarded for sale in any country outside Great Britain other than the Irish Free State. Saturday, November 24th, 1934. S.S.